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Campaign against Quebec.

Extract of an accurate and interesting account of the hardships and sufferings of that Band of Heroes who traversed the Wilderness in the Campaign against Quebec in 1775.

By JOHN JOSEPH HENRY, Esq.

To give you some idea of a Canada winter, allow me to relate an occurrence, which is literally genuine. December 24th.—One night, at the time of relief, a confidential person came from colonel Arnold, accompanied by an Irish gentleman, named Craig, directing the relieved guard to escort him to his own house, which stood between twenty and thirty paces from Palace-gate. Craig was a merchant of considerable wealth, and what was more, an excellent whig. He was expelled from his habitation because of his whigism, and took refuge in Arnold's quarters. Montgomery, by this time, had furnished us with personal clothing suitable to the climate, but there were a thousand other things wanting for comfortable accommodation. Many of these Mr. Craig possessed, and Arnold's luxurious cupidity desired. Craig's house was an extensive building, three stories high, with back buildings of an equal height, running far in the rear along the foot of the hill. This last building consisted of stores, which, as well as the house, was of brick work. We came to the back part of the house silently, and with the utmost caution. Mr. Craig, by a slight knock brought a trusty old negro to the door, who was the sole guardian of the house. The objects of Mr. Craig were frying-pans, skillets, and a great variety of other articles of ironmongery, together with cloths, flannels, linens, &c. &c. The party with Craig entered the house. As a man of confidence, and as a sentry, it became my business to watch the Palace-gate. There was a clear moonlight, but it was exceedingly bleak. My place of observation was under a brick arch, over which were stores of Mr. Craig, perhaps less than eighty feet from Palace-gate. My gloves were good and well lined with fur, and my mockasins of the best kind, well stuffed. Unseen—continually pacing the width of the arch: My companions seemed to employ too much time. Some Frenchmen, of colonel Livingston's regiment, without our knowledge, had been below Palace-gate marauding. Repassing the house we were at, like so many hell hounds, they set up a yelling and horrid din, which not only scared our party, but alarmed the garrison itself. My companions in the house (apprehensive of a sally from Palace-gate,) fled, carrying all they could. Though I heard the noise, the flight of my friends was unseen, as they emerged from the cellars. The noise and bustle created by the Canadians attracted the attention of the enemy. Large and small shells were thrown in every direction, wherever a noise was heard in St. Roque. Having on a fine white blanket coat, and turning my cap or "bonnet rouge," inside out, the inside being white, made me, as it were, invisible in the snow. Under the arch the conversation of the sentries, as it were almost over my head, was very distinguishable. In this cold region, many reasons operate to induce the placing two sentries at the same post—they enliven each other by conversing, and it prevents the fatal effects which follow from standing still in one position. Fifteen minutes, at this time, was the term of the sentries, standing. The time of my standing under the arch seemed to be several hours, yet honor and duty required perseverance. At length, being wearied out—going to the back door of the house and knocking—no whisper could be heard within—the old negro was soundly asleep in his bomb-proof shell. At this moment those Canadians ran past the gateway again, with usual noisy jabber; to me, in my deserted state, it seemed a sally of the enemy. There was no outlet but by the way we came, which seemed hazardous. Running, gun in hand, into a large enclosure, which was a garden of Mr. Craig's: here was a new dilemma. There was no escape but by returning to the house or climbing a palisade twenty feet high. The latter was preferred; but my rifle was left within the enclosure, as no means could be fallen upon to get it over the stockade. The guard-house was soon reached. One of the sergeants kindly returned with me to assist in bringing over my gun. It was grasped in extacy: Alas! the determination never to part with it again, but with life, was futile. While in the enclosure, going from and returning to it, we were assailed with grape-shot and shells, not by any means aimed at us, for the enemy knew not that we were there, but was intended to disperse those vociferous and vile Canadians, and it had the effect. They were as cowardly as noisy. The cohorn shells were handsomely managed. They usually burst at fifteen or twenty feet from the earth, so as to scatter their destructive effects more widely. Again coming to the guard-house, my immediate friends all gone, I ran thence to our quarters about two miles, with great speed. This was about three o'clock in the morning. Coming to quarters, my feet and hands were numbed, without ever having, during those many dreary hours, been sensible of the cold. It was soon discovered that they were frozen. Pulling off my leggins, &c. and immersing my feet and legs knee deep in the snow at the door, rubbing with my hands a few minutes, soon caused re-circulation of the blood; the hands were restored by the *act*. For fifteen, and even twenty years afterwards, the intoler-

able effect of that night's frost were most sensibly felt. The soles of my feet, particularly the prominencies, were severely frost bitten and much inflamed: so it was as to my hands. But it was very remarkable that these subsequent annual painings uniformly attacked me in the same month of the year in which the cause occurred.

On the night of the 20th or 21st of December, a snow-storm, driving fiercely from the north east, induced the noble Montgomery, to order an attack on the fortress. Our force altogether did not amount to more than eleven hundred men, and many of these, by contrivances of their own, were in the hospital, which by this time was transferred to the nunnery. The storm abated—the moon shone, and we retired to repose, truly unwillingly. We had caught our commander's spirit, who was anxious, after the capture of Chamblee, St. John's, and Montreal, to add Quebec, as a prime trophy to the laurels already won. Captain Smith, the head of our mess, as captain, had been invited to general Montgomery's council of officers, (none under that grade being called;) like most of uninstructed men, he was talkative, and, what is much worse in military affairs, very communicative. I believe blushing followed the intelligence he gave me—the idea of impropriety of conduct in him deeply impressed my mind. The whole plan of the attack on the two following days, was known to the meanest man in the army. How it was disclosed is uncertain, unless by the fatuity of the captains. One Singleton, a sergeant in the troops which accompanied Montgomery, deserted from the guard at the suburbs of St. John's, and disclosed to our foes the purport of our schemes; his desertion caused much anxiety. The General prudently gave out that it was by command, he would return soon with intelligence. This was believed generally. The latter information came to my knowledge some months afterwards, when a prisoner. The relation of Smith to me is perfect on my memory. Youths seldom forget their juvenile impressions. It was this: "That we, of Arnold's corps, accompanied by captain Lang's York artillerists, should assail the lower town, on the side of St. Roque: General Montgomery was to attack the lower town by the way of cape Diamond, which is on the margin of the St. Lawrence. A false attack was to be made eastwardly of St. John's gate. When Montgomery and Arnold conjoined in the lower town, then the priests, the women and the children, were to be gathered and intermingled with the troops, and an assault be made on the upper town." Visionary as this mode of attack was, from what ensued, it is sincerely my belief that Smith was correct in his information, as to the plan suggested by the General. In those turbulent times, men of gallantry, such as Montgomery, were imperiously necessitated, to keep up their own fame and the spirits of the people, to propose and to hazard measures, even to the confines of imprudence. There was another circumstance which induced our brave and worthy General to adopt active and dangerous means of conquest. Many of the New England troops had been engaged on very short enlistments, some of which were to expire on the first of January, 1776. The patriotism of the summer of seventy-five seemed almost extinguished in the winter of seventy-six. The patriotic officers made every exertion to induce enlistments, but to no purpose. We, of the "rifle corps," readily assented to remain with the General, though he should be deserted by the eastern men, yet this example had no manner of influence on the generality! The majority were either farmers or sailors, and some had wives and children at home. These, and other reasons, perhaps the austerity of the winter, and the harshness of the service, caused an obstinacy of mind, which would not submit to patriotic representation. Besides the smallpox, which had been introduced into our cantonments by the indecorous, yet fascinating arts of our enemy, had already begun its ravages. This temper of the men was well known to the General.

It was not until the night of the thirty-first of December, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, that such kind of weather ensued as was considered favourable for the assault. The forepart of the night was admirably enlightened by a luminous moon. Many of us, officers as well as privates, had dispersed in various directions among the farm and tippling houses of the vicinity. We well knew the signal for rallying. This was no other than a "snowstorm." About 12 o'clock P. M. the heaven was overcast. We repaired to quarters. By 2 o'clock we were accoutred and began our march. The storm was outrageous, and the cold wind extremely biting. In this northern country the snow is blown horizontally into the faces of travellers on most occasions—this was our case.

January 1st. When we came to Craig's house, near Palace-gate, a horrible roar of cannon took place, and a ringing of all the bells of the city, which are very numerous, and of all sizes. Arnold, heading the forlorn hope, advanced, perhaps, one hundred yards, before the main body. After these, followed Lamb's artillerists. Morgan's company led in the secondary part of the column of infantry. Smith's followed, headed by Steele, the captain, from particular causes, being absent. Hendrick's company succeeded, and the eastern men, so far as known to me, followed in due order. The snow was deeper than in the fields, because of the nature of the ground. The path made by Arnold, Lamb, and Morgan, was almost imperceptible, because of the falling snow: covering the locks of our guns, with the lappets of our coats, holding down our heads, (for it was impossible to bear up our faces, against the imperious storm of wind and snow,) we ran along the foot of the hill in single file. Along the first of our run, from Palace-gate, for several hundred paces, there stood a range of insulated buildings, which seemed to be store-houses; we passed these quickly in single file, pretty wide apart. The interstices were from thirty to fifty yards. In these intervals, we received a tremendous fire of musketry from the ramparts above us. Here we lost some brave men, when powerless to return the salutes we received, as the enemy was covered by his impregnable defences. They were even sightless to us, we could see nothing but the blaze from the muzzles of their muskets.

A number of vessels of various sizes, lay along the beach, moored by their hawsers or cables to the houses. Pacing after my leader, lieutenant Steele, at a great rate, one of those ropes took me under the chin, and cast me head-long down, a declivity of at least fifteen feet. The place appeared to be either a drydock, or a sawpit. My descent was terrible; gun and all was involved in a great depth of snow. Most unluckily, however, one of my knees received a violent contusion on a piece of scraggy ice, which was covered by the snow. On like occasion, we can scarce expect in the hurry of attack, that our intimates should attend to any other than their own concerns. Mine went from me, regardless of my fate. Scrambling out of the cavity, without assistance, divesting my person and gun of the snow, and

limping into the line, it was attempted to assume a station, and preserve it. These were none of my friends—they knew me not. We had not gone twenty yards, in my hobbling gait, before I was thrown out, and compelled to wait the arrival, of a chasm in the line, where a new place might be obtained. Men in affairs such as this, seem in the main, to lose the compassionate feeling, and are averse from being dislodged from their original stations. We proceeded rapidly, exposed to a long line of fire from the garrison, for now we were unprotected by any buildings. The fire had slackened in a small degree. The enemy had been partly called off to resist the General, and strengthen the party opposed to Arnold in our front. Now we saw colonel Arnold returning, wounded in the leg, and supported by two gentlemen, a Parson Spring was one, and in my belief, a Mr. Ogden, the other. Arnold called to the troops, in a cheering voice, as we passed, urging us forward, yet it was observable among the soldiery, with whom it was my misfortune to be now placed, that the colonel's retiring damped their spirits. A cant term "We are sold," was repeatedly heard in many parts throughout the line. Thus proceeding, enfiladed by an animated but lessened fire, we came to the first barrier, where Arnold had been wounded in the onset. This contest had lasted but a few minutes, and was somewhat severe, but the energy of our men prevailed. The embrasures were entered when the enemy were discharging their guns. The guard, consisting of thirty persons, were either taken or fled, leaving their arms behind them. At this time, it was discovered that our guns were useless, because of the dampness. The snow, which lodged in our fleecy coats, was melted by the warmth of our bodies. Thence came this disaster. Many of this party, knowing the circumstance, threw aside their own and seized the British arms. These were not only elegant, but were such as befitted the hand of a real soldier. It was said, that ten thousand stand of such arms had been received from England in the previous summer for arming the Canadian militia. Those people were loath to bear them in opposition to our rights. From the first barrier to the second there was a circular course along the sides of houses, and partly through a street, probably of three hundred yards, or more. This second barrier was erected across, and near the mouth of a narrow street, adjacent to the foot of the hill, which opened into a larger, leading soon into the main body of the lower town. Here it was that the most serious contention took place: this became the bone of strife. The admirable Montgomery, by this time, (though it was unknown to us,) was no more; yet, we expected momentarily to join him. The firing on that side of the fortress ceased, his division fell under the command of a colonel Campbell, of the New-York line, a worthless chief, who retreated, without making an effort, in pursuance of the General's original plans. The inevitable consequence was, that the whole of the forces on that side of the city, and those, who were opposed to the dastardly persons employed to make the false attacks, embodied and came down to oppose our division. Here was sharp-shooting. We were on the disadvantageous side of the barrier for such a purpose. Confined in a narrow street, hardly more than twenty feet wide, and on the lower ground, scarcely a ball, well aimed or otherwise, but must take effect upon us. Morgan, Hendricks, Steele, Humphreys, and a crowd of every class of the army, had gathered into the narrow pass, attempting to surmount the barrier, which was about twelve or more feet high, and so strongly constructed, that nothing but artillery, could effectuate its destruction. There was a construction, fifteen or twenty yards within the barrier, upon a rising ground, the cannon of which much overtopped the height of the barrier, hence we were assailed by grape shot in abundance—This erection we called the platform. Again, within the barrier, and close in to it, were two ranges of musketeers, armed with musket and bayonet, ready to receive those who might venture the dangerous leap. Add to all this, that the enemy occupied the upper chambers of the houses, in the interior of the barrier, on both sides of the street, from the windows of which we became fair marks. The enemy having the advantage of the ground in front, a vast superiority of numbers, dry and better arms, gave them an irresistible power in so narrow a space. Humphreys, upon a mound, which was speedily erected, attended by many brave men, attempted to scale the barrier, but was compelled to retreat, by the formidable phalanx of bayonets within, and the weight of fire, from the platform and the buildings. Morgan, brave to temerity, stormed and raged. Hendricks, Steele, Nichols, Humphreys, equally brave, were sedate, though under a tremendous fire. The platform, which was within our view was evacuated by the accuracy of our fire, and few persons, dared venture there again. Now it was, that the necessity of the occupancy of the houses on our side of the barrier, became apparent. Orders were given by Morgan to that effect—We entered—this was near daylight. The houses were a shelter, from which we could fire with much accuracy. Yet, even here, some valuable lives were lost. Hendricks, when aiming his rifle at some prominent person, died by a straggling ball through his heart. He staggered a few feet backwards, and fell upon a bed, where he instantly expired. He was an ornament of our little society. The amiable Humphreys died by a like kind of wound, but it was in the street, before we entered the buildings. Many other brave men fell at this place, among these were lieutenant Cooper, of Connecticut, and perhaps fifty or sixty non-commissioned officers, and privates. The wounded were numerous, and many of them dangerously so. Captain Lamb, of the York artillerists, had nearly one half of his face carried away by a grape or cannister shot. My friend Steele lost three of his fingers, as he was presenting his gun to fire; captain Hubbard and lieutenant Fisdle were also among the wounded. When we reflect upon the whole of the dangers at this barricade, and the formidable force that came to "annoy us, it is a matter of surprise that so many should escape death and wounding, as did." All hope of success having vanished, a retreat was contemplated, but hesitation, uncertainty, and a lassitude of mind, which generly takes place, in the affairs of men, when we fail in a project, upon which, we have attached much expectation, now followed. The moment was foolishly lost when such a movement might have been made with tolerable success. Captain Laws, at the head of two hundred men, issuing from Palace-gate, most fairly and handsomely cooped us up. Many of the men, aware of the consequences, and all our Indians and Canadians, (except Natanis and another,) escaped across the ice, which covered the bay of St. Charles, before the arrival of captain Laws. This was a dangerous and desperate adventure, but worth-while the undertaking, in avoidance of our subsequent sufferings. Its desperateness consisted in running two miles across shoal ice, thrown up by the high tides of this latitude—and its danger, in the meeting with air holes deceptively covered by the bed of snow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

BY J. A. NUNES.

Still, still the battle raged,
Through all the field the cannon's roar
Loud echoed; and with the gore
Of those who had engaged
In deadly strife contending,
The peaceful earth was moist and red,
As though it were a fiery bed
Of liquid flame, ne'er ending.

Scarce above the din of war
Were heard the angry cries of men,
As foe, to foemen met, when,
With envenomed glance, each saw
The other breathed deadly hate—
And rushed to leave upon that field
His lifeless corpse, e'er he would yield
Himself a captive, e'en to fate.

The curling smoke, in volumes dense,
Hovered o'er the bloody plain,
Concealing all the numbers slain,
(Whose souls had winged them thence,)—
Except at intervals, a light
From the dread implements of war,
By whose red glare each party saw,
Or might have seen, the dismal sight—

Of Death, now busy with his prey,
Of pain, despair, and misery;
Souls launching to eternity,
And night of life succeeding day;
Of mangled bodies trampled o'er
Alternately by friends and foes;
Of dying wretches final throes,
Who ne'er knew pain before.

Yet mid'st this scene of strife,
No timid fear or thoughts like these
The soldier knew to mar the ease
With which he boldly risked his life.
But cheerful seemed, and glad,
With the wild work around him,
As though a charm had bound him
To his fierce and bloody trade.

And even thus it was with one,
Who from among a heap of slain
(Where senseless he some time had lain,)
Crawled wounded forth, to see the sun
Again, e'er envious death,
Seized with his icy hand
His form, and burst in twain the band
That still kept within his breath.

A wounded soldier he, now near
Expiring. His shattered frame,
And gashes deep, all told the same
Sad tale, that pallid death was here

Attending, impatient of delay:
But thought of this no terror gave,
For though he drooped, he still was brave,
As when at noon he sought the fray.

He paused with grief, and gazed
Upon his friends and comrades slain,
As they lay beside him on that plain,
Their features stiff, their eye-balls glazed.
But hark! the cannon's sound recalls
His scattered senses from afar,
To mingle with the present war,
Which makes for him and others' palls.

At the clarion's sound, his heavy eye
Resumes its wonted brightness,
His frame receives a lightness,
And his limbs renew their energy.
Again, it sounds; in vain he tries
To reach the spot where foes contend—
Quite faint he sinks, but sinking sends
His only aid, as thus he cries:

"Great heaven! since I cannot partake
The danger 'gainst my country's foes,
But inert here, must view the stake,
Which they will either win or lose,
Do thou assist, who ne'er delayed
To grant to justice thy strong aid.

Thou knowest in freedom's cause we fight,
Warring to hold our dearest right
Untrammelled, still and free.
And thou, great Lord of love and truth,
Unto the just extend thy ruth,
And we shall victors be."

Then to the field again he turned
To view the combatants once more;
His heart with ardent fire still burned
Though his journey here was almost o'er.
Yet still he warmly cheers his friends,
As through the field his voice he sends.

And now like ocean's mountain wave
The tide of battle sways the brave,
And leaves them still in doubt;
Till victory decides the strife,
And gives to freedom hope and life,
While tyrants sustain rout.

The dying soldier this beheld,
While ebbing life flowed through each wound;
He saw his foemen quit the field,
And heard the victors' trumpet sound;
And feebly starting up; with pride
He shouted "victory!" and died.

Philadelphia, October 12th, 1839.



Designed by Wm. H. Huddy.

Engraved by J. H. Huddy.

TO THE ANCIENT & HONORABLE ARTILERY
OF BOSTON.

This plate is most respectfully dedicated

by Huddy & Davis

J. S. Davis, Lith. Philad.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The charter of this Institution, dated March 17th, 1638, and signed by Gov. Winthrop and Dep. Gov. Dudley, is probably older than any other in the country which has survived to us, unless we except some town or parish incorporations. Its antiquity precedes the foundation of Harvard College, as a college, though the University and the "Military company of the Massachusetts" (for such was the charter name) were the twin-offspring of the earliest Puritan age.—The company was instituted as a school for officers, composed chiefly of commissioned officers of the state, the proportion of citizens being one to four officers. Our fathers sought friendly alliances with the Indians, but soon found it necessary to be prepared for war and skilled in defence, and in this necessity originated this company, the "train bands" of the Colony being insufficient for the times. In 1637 the principal citizens of the fifteen towns composing the Colony, some of whom had been members of the Hon. Artillery company of London, and many of whom were "fathers in the church," applied, unsuccessfully, for a charter. At that time the Colony was agitated by the dispute about the nature of faith and justification, originated by Mrs. Hutchinson, and it was thought dangerous "to erect a standing authority of military men, which might easily in time overthrow the civil power." Several of the charter petitioners were known to be her warm adherents. But the next year, the controversy subsiding, the charter was readily granted, conferring important privileges and imposing important duties and restraints. The first commander, or, as he is justly called, the Founder of the Company, was ROBERT KEAYNE—"an honest man, a faithful citizen, a sincere christian"—whose influence has reached through two centuries. He was a Merchant Tailor from London—a benefactor to the company, to the free school system of Boston, to the church and Harvard College.

Many officers and men who served in the wars with the Narragansetts and Pequots were reared in the ranks of this company. At the first organization of the Militia in 1644, two hundred and forty five members had been enrolled, among them many of the most distinguished and influential men of the Colony. During the tyrannical administration of Sir Edmund Andros the exercises of the corps were suppressed, but the charter remained untouched, a period of five years only. The fall field days of 1721 were omitted, because the General Assembly "forbid all training and trooping in Boston by reason of the vast numbers of people exercised with the small pox." From the revival of the company in 1691 to the revolution of 1775, it was generally prosperous and always active; the General Court several times recognising by their acts its importance and usefulness. The lands granted by the charter were laid out near Nashua and Dunstable on the Merrimac. The company often endeavoured to improve their lands; with what profit may appear from the fact that in March 1715 they voted, "to lease the thousand acres in Dunstable for eleven years, on condition that a house and barn should be built thereon, an orchard of 120 apple trees planted, and the lessee to deliver the company one barrel of good cider yearly." In 1777 they received another grant of land, which was sold and invested in stocks. The tax on the funds, however, "went well nigh to eat up the income," and upon the company's petition the Government remitted the taxes, so that to this day the funds and other property remain untaxed. The last anniversary celebrated by the corps under the colonial government was in June 1774; Dr. Lathrop of Boston preached the sermon. Tradition says, on that day some British troops were stationed near the Church, and an armed sentry placed upon the pulpit stairs, to prevent the expression of any seditious or rebellious sentiments. But the youthful divine was never intimidated, for his sermon breathes the very spirit of republican liberty.

The custom of connecting religious services with the anniversaries is one of the most interesting and peculiar features in the history of the company. Its origin is involved in some obscurity. The common opinion is, that the custom was the natural manifestation of the Puritan spirit of the times, extending the influence of religion and combining its forms with all important public proceedings. As nearly all the company records prior to 1698 have been lost, we cannot determine what was the first vote relating to the custom or what produced it. Though it bears the stamp of New-England character it may have had a transatlantic origin. The "Military company of the Massachusetts" considered itself the offspring of the Honorable Artillery of London, with which some of its original members had been connected. Many of its customs, particularly the introduction of artillery ordnance into its exercises, were derived from the London company. That company was instituted by Henry VIII, whose charter granted important privileges, which subsequent sovereigns confirmed and enlarged. Cromwell gave great dignity and importance to it, infusing into its members, amounting to some thousands, that spirit of attachment to himself which he desired. In August, 1658, they had a splendid celebration, and the Rev. Mr. Griffith preached a sermon before them. This afterwards became an annual celebration. Now the first notice we have of a sermon preached before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was in June, 1659, the very next year a custom ever since observed.

The April field-day, 1775, was observed by the corps, when they marched to Copp's Hill, the "Common" being occupied by the British soldiers. From that time till 1786 no regular meetings were held, the members being scattered abroad, occupied with the realities of war. In September, 1786, the corps again paraded, among them some members nearly seventy years of age. It can hardly be credited by those who have seen the splendid array of the light infantry corps of Boston, during the last ten years, that at this time there was no company in the city capable and ready to perform escort duty. This parade of the Ancients had a sensible effect in reviving the military ardor of the metropolis, and reminding the people of the importance of a well organized and disciplined militia. Several companies were immediately formed. Forty new members were enrolled this year in the Ancients, among them several distinguished revolutionary officers, such as Governor Brooks, Generals Lincoln and Winslow. The State Executive called to its aid in 1786-7, during the unhappy insurrections, this company, venerable for its antiquity and enrollment, in which confidence

might well be reposed. A committee of the corps nominated the commanders of the other companies, at Gov. Bowdoin's request. Its high standing and exertions went far to inspire the militia throughout the Commonwealth with that promptness and vigor with which they met and dispersed in every instance the insurgent parties. The same spirit was manifested by this company in the Summer of 1814, when the city and neighborhood was threatened with invasion by British troops. They were kept in readiness for active service till December following, when the association was restored to its ordinary condition.

"Considering the fluctuations to which all earthly things are subject, the periods of light and darkness, of glory and eclipse, that succeed each other in all human affairs, the company" says the Rev. Mr. Lathrop in his second century discourse, from which we have abstracted most of the foregoing history— "throughout its existence of two hundred years has been as prosperous, as influential, as respectable, and as honored as any institution in the land. Public opinion has ever regarded it with favor and often with deep and grateful interest. It bears on its charter the signature of the first Governor of Massachusetts—a name memorable in every department, the military inclusive, of the social history of New England. And if age, character, and usefulness give a claim to public respect and consideration, then an institution, whose origin is all but coeval with the foundation of the State, on whose roll are the patriotic and honored of every generation, whose influence has been felt, whose exertions have been relied upon in the most pressing public emergencies, such an institution will long be cherished by the people of Massachusetts."

There is not in the United States an institution more purely republican in its organization and operation than this military company. ROTATION in OFFICE has from the very first been sacredly observed, in respect to the commissioned and non-commissioned officers. Annually on its anniversary, the first Monday of June, immemorially called "Artillery Election day," an entire new set of officers are elected by ballot on the field. The oldest member and past commander at the head of the Roll is the venerable, "Veteran Editor" of the Centinel, the Hon. Major Benjamin Russell. For fifty-one years this revolutionary worthy has been at his post. His successors in command deserve, for their military or other public distinctions, to be mentioned with gratitude and respect. But some of the more recent can only be noticed in this short essay—Colonels Gibbens, Quiney, Prescott, Smith, Messenger, Adams; Generals Bowdoin, Winthrop, Tyler, Lyman, Davis, Chandler, Dearborn, Sumner; Majors Dean, Brimmer, Dennis.

It will be seen by what has been said, that the members of this company reside in different parts of the State, and as an association of Massachusetts Soldierly it cannot fail to promote a fraternal feeling, alike useful and honorable. Its charter name, in the lapse of time, became changed, without ostentation, and from its own merits, designating its age and respectability. Its history was written and printed in 1820, by Mr. Whitman, and that of the London Company by Mr. Highmore. The roll at the present time numbers about two hundred, of whom sixty-six are Honorary members. Besides the grants of land from the State, wealthy and patriotic citizens have, at various periods, made very handsome donations of money to the Institution, among them Hon. William Phillips, Hon. Thomas L. Winthrop, and Amos Lawrence, Esq. From its origin the clergy and the company have been mutual friends, and of 165 sermons delivered before them on their anniversaries, about 90 are known to have been printed, and a copy of most of these is to be found among our historical archives. The expense to the members annually is about \$8 for active members each, and \$5 for Honoraries, the admission fee being reduced from \$20 to \$5 only. The second century Anniversary, June, 1838, was celebrated with unusual splendor, the corps being under the command of Col. Amasa G. Smith. The corps, when it had an uniform of its own, wore the revolutionary or Washington coat, with small clothes, gaiters and chapeau. But about twenty years ago, the regulations of the corps allowed the members to appear in the uniform of their commissions and the citizens members in the dress of the existing militia. We conclude our brief and hurried sketch of this time honored corps, with a list of its present officers.

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. MACOMBER, CAPTAIN.

Col. WILLIAM MITCHELL, 1st Lieut. Lieut. ISAAC CARY, 2nd Lieut.

Major SAMUEL A. ALLEN, Adjutant.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Col. WILLIAM R. HUDSON. 2nd Capt. CHARLES S. LAMBERT. 3rd, Capt. OLIVER DYER.
4th, Capt. ANDREW CHASE, Jr. of Roxbury. 5th, WILLIAM ALLINE. 6th, Lt-col. EDWARD CAZNEAU, Hingham.
Lt-col. ABNER BOURNE, Treasurer. G. H. WHITMAN, Esq. Clerk. WILLIAM ALLINE, Esq. Armorer.
Rev. OTIS A. SKINNER, of Boston, Chaplain. JOHN W. WARREN, M. D. Surgeon.

NOTES. Our thanks are due to Charles Poulson, Esq. of this city, for a copy from the original *chapeau* in his possession: likewise to James Morrell, Esq. Treasurer of the Trenton Rail Road Co., for the loan of the Epauettes, Spy Glass &c. used by General Washington during the war, (See plate.)
Concord—1775, by G. L. Curry, of Boston shall appear in our next Number.



TO THE PULAWSKI CADETS OF N. YORK.

this plate is most respectfully dedicated

by Wm Huddy & Co.

Printed and Published by Wm Huddy & Co. 107 N. 2d St. N. York.

PULAWSKI CADETS.

The first meeting called for the purpose of forming this company, was held on January 8th, 1833, and the commissions necessary to the organization obtained on the 7th of May following, as being attached to the 222nd Regiment, of the 10th Brigade, New York State Infantry, and Officers as follows:—

W. M. McARDLE, CAPTAIN.

W. ANDERAISE, 1st Lieut.

Sergeants.

1st ALEXANDER WHITMAN,
2nd F. BYINGTON,
3rd J. F. THORNTON,
4th F. H. WAY,
5th CHARLES SHIELDS.

B. W. OSBORN, Ensign.

Corporals.

1st GEORGE ELMENDORF,
2nd J. N. PRITCHARD,
3rd ROBERT PERRIN,
4th B. R. ROBSON.

The first parade of this company was made in undress on June 26th, 1833, and in full uniform on July 11th, 1833. Their first excursion was for Target practice, on September the 2nd of the same year, and proceeded to Newark, N. J., where they were courteously received by the citizens and hospitably entertained by Col. Richard Miller and others, at their residences, and were quartered, during their stay, at the house of D. Small, Esq.

The next parade was made on the 20th of the same month, for the purpose of escorting and entertaining the Junior Artillerists, Capt. BAKER, of Philadelphia, while on their visit to New York.

In the spring of 1834, this Corps, in Company with the Tompkins Blues, (S. W. SEELY commanding,) visited by invitation, the military post at Fort Hamilton, and was received and escorted by a detachment of U. S. Artillery, under the command of Major PIERCE, by whom the companies were courteously entertained during the day.

On July the 21st following, they left New York on their excursion to Philadelphia, at which place they met with a splendid reception from the different military companies detailed for that occasion, under the direction of Maj. General PATTERSON, at whose quarters they partook of a bountiful repast, and were then escorted through the City to "Bush Hill," where they remained in camp for one week, partaking of every hospitality that the City afforded. They returned to New York on Monday 28th, and again assembled on the Wednesday following, when they proceeded on board the Steamer Wm. Gibbons up the Long Island Sound, for the purpose of meeting, and escorting the Tompkins Blues to New York, on their return from an excursion to Boston.

In the Spring of 1835, Capt. McARDLE having accepted an appointment of a commission in the U. S. Marine corps, his office in this Company was consequently vacated, and Lieut. B. W. OSBORN was promoted to the command, which rank he held with much credit to himself and advantage to the company, up to April the 10th, 1837, when, being about to remove from the city, it became incumbent upon him to relinquish the command, and Capt. McARDLE having previously withdrawn from the U. S. service, was by a unanimous vote of the company re-elected on the 21st of June, 1837.

On July 19th, 1839, this Company proceeded to Haverstraw, (about 40 miles distant from New York, bordering on the Hudson River,) for the purpose of performing camp duty and schooling for military improvement. They remained in camp during ten days, under strict discipline, and such regulations as is adopted for the U. S. Army. During their stay, they were visited and reviewed by several distinguished military Officers from New York, and the adjoining counties, as also by several uniformed companies in the immediate vicinity. For further description we refer our readers to a communication published in the N. Y. Evening Star, and which we take the liberty to subjoin to this work. On their return to New York, they were received by Capt. S. W. SEELY's company, Tompkins Blues, and the 3rd company National Cadets, Capt. C. S. DUNNING, and were escorted to Vauxhall Garden, where the whole partook of a collation prepared for the occasion, and departed each for his respective home much pleased with their excursion.

The principal feature remarkable in this company is their originality in the selection of their uniform, which have undergone but little or no change, except the cap and equipments, having recently adopted the long leather belts, swords and Bear-skin Caps, (*a la Francais*) with the Guard coat for winter service. This company is at present, as it ever has been, in a very prosperous condition, and is classed amongst the first in the City of New York. Its present officers are as follows:—

W. M. McARDLE, CAPTAIN.

S. MELVIN, 1st Lieut.

Sergeants.

1st W. T. CHILD,
2nd S. BREWER,
3rd S. D. MORRISON,
4th J. A. PRITCHARD,
5th J. D. WILLIAMSON,

GEORGE ELMENDORF, Ensign.

Corporals.

1st ALEXANDER SLATER,
2nd ABRAHAM GALLAHER,
3rd A. G. HOWE,
4th JAMES ACKERMAN.

FROM THE STAR.—PULAWSKI CADETS. "Friend Noah, I am not much accustomed to handle my pen, and to tell the truth, have, in my old years, no very great affection for it, especially when I take it to write newspaper paragraphs, which, fortunately for readers thereof, very rarely occurs; but, at present, I feel myself under an enthusiasm which, I sincerely believe, cannot be subdued without the aid and effusion of my pen. I have tried for several days to keep shut up in my own breast the pride and admiration awakened by the noble and soldier-like conduct of the Palawski Cadets of your city, during their recent encampment at this place; but I find myself, at last, yielding to the influence of my feelings, and about to enjoy myself in thus communicating them to others. It is, perhaps, not always judicious to praise, especially in print, our young men, however much they may deserve it, for it often happens that such praise intoxicates the

mind and makes it too vain and proud; but when we are assured that those, whom we are about to praise, have well-disciplined minds, and are far above the reach of a vanity that flatters only to weaken ambition, we can then, without fear or danger freely "Honor those to whom honor is due,"—especially when such honor is acknowledged by one who, like myself, is a Revolutionist of '76. Old as I am, with silvery hair and time-wrinkled brow, I must confess that I have felt the martial spirit gradually dying within the breast where many years ago, it burned with ardent power; but, during the last week, while enjoying the encampment of the Pulawski Cadets, I have felt that spirit glow and burn as in Revolutionary days. This beautiful and high-spirited Company, under the command of Captain McArdle, arrived on the 20th instant, and made their encampment a short distance north of the village of Warren, on one of the most beautiful and romantic spots on the Hudson river, and being the same ground where, during our Revolution, General Wayne encamped, the Cadets honoured their Camp with the name of "Camp Wayne." They were accompanied with one of the finest brass-bands which your city boasts of, and every arrangement and preparation was made by the Cadets to make their encampment strictly military, and at the same time highly creditable to their liberality and fine taste. During their stay, the Cadets were daily and thoroughly drilled in infantry and artillery exercises, and all their performances, whether on drill or parade, afforded the strongest evidence of the military skill of their Captain and officers, and reflected the highest honor on themselves as soldiers and gentlemen. Capt. McArdle, though a young man, seems perfectly familiar with a soldier's life and quite at home in the Camp, having served in Florida in our army, and possesses that bold, energetic, and decided spirit, so essential for military success, and in his person and conversation unites the spirit of the high-minded and intelligent officer, with the frankness and courtesy of the perfect gentleman. And, Sir, although I do not wish to make this communication too long, I cannot forbear in at least alluding in terms of high praise to the officers of this Company, and to the well-disciplined and beautiful performance and appearance of their men.—However honorable and fortunate would it be for the military institutions of our land, if we could only boast of more of such spirited and gentlemanly soldiers! During their encampment, Major General Ward, and Brigadier-General Allison of the Westchester and Rockland Division, and Staff Officers, were received into "Camp Wayne," and honored with the usual salutes of cannon. Officers from New York and elsewhere, several uniform companies of this county, and crowds of ladies and gentlemen, from all quarters, visited the Camp, and were treated with that courtesy and kindness which always characterize soldiers and gentlemen. On yesterday, the last day of their encampment, about meridian, a large Eagle hovered a long while over "Camp Wayne," and it seemed as though that noblest and proudest bird of the skies thus brooded in the air to inspire the bosoms and efforts of the young soldiers, who were gazing in admiration upon him. I must not forget to mention that, at the request of Capt. McArdle, every day at 7 A. M. religious services were performed in the Camp by the Rev. Mr. Hildreth, of this place. The Cadets left this morning, and were escorted to the steamboat Warren by the "Warren Greys" of this town, under Capt. Lawrence, and as they sailed slowly away from us, they returned the salutes, with which they were honored from the "Black Hawk," a beautiful yacht, which, with flying colors, floated proudly in our Bay. And now, Sir, as the oldest inhabitant in this town, and as the spokesman of its citizens, I tell the Pulawski Cadets, that they have all, officers and men, left behind them in every bosom, feelings of the warmest friendship and most profound respect, and they may be all assured, that they will always be welcomed with pride and heartfelt pleasure by every citizen of our town. '76.

Haverstraw, July 26, 1839.

Count Pulawski.

Early in the spring of 1777, Pulawski sailed for America. His voyage was short and prosperous. He brought with him the Rev. Father Ziski and Casimir, who were left in France while he was in Poland, and Carlos, of course, for nothing but death could sever that faithful servant from his side. They brought, also, several fine Persian and Polish horses to aid them in the great cause of freedom.

While the armies were rapidly collecting for the summer campaigns, Pulawski, Lafayette, and Kosciusko, arrived in the United States. They were received with joy. Pulawski repaired to Philadelphia to visit Congress. His coming had been long expected. He was invited to take a seat on the floor of that assembly, as a mark of respect. The warrior and statesman was delighted with the decency and order with which their debates were conducted, and all their business finished, so unlike the violent proceedings of a Polish diet. "These men," said the count, "must be patriots, for they are intent on the business of the republic, and not on their own ambition or their own selfish views. Here is no angry *liberum veto*, but each is satisfied to yield his own views to those of the majority." This body made him a brigadier-general in the army of the republic, and authorised him to raise a brigade of horse and foot as soon as possible. From Congress, he went to camp to visit the commander-in-chief, whose fame he found in the mouth of every citizen and soldier. Colonel Howard, of the Maryland line, presented Pulawski to Washington. "I come, illustrious general of a patriotic army," said the Pole, "with hair grown gray in fields of blood, to again draw my sword in the cause of liberty. I am an exile, without a home, and without a country; but where liberty is, there shall be my country for my few remaining days. I have no ambition, sir, but to be useful; no hopes of glory, but to shed my blood in your cause. I present you my child, all that remains to me on earth, the others have fallen in battle, that he may learn war under you, to be ready to serve his country, if he should survive, when I am gone." Washington took Pulawski to his arms, and embracing him, replied, "I rejoice, my dear count, at your arrival; your experience in war, your fame for gallant achievements, are all known to us. Your name will be a host to aid us in the perilous conflict in which we are engaged. As you come to share our toils, you shall have our affections also. If the God of armies should prosper us, and peace and independence should be ours, this shall be your country, this shall be your home; but if heaven has decreed otherwise, we will perish together in the cause."



P. S. Duval, Lith. Phila.

En stone by A. Heffre.

GEN^L BENJAMIN LINCOLN.

U. S. ARMY.

Ordered according to Act of Congress in the year 1840, by Huddy & Duval, in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.